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it on over his old one, and since none of his garments are ever removed, the older garment gradually falls to pieces and after a while disappears altogether. This story, like much of the fiction of the world, though not strictly accurate is based on painful truth, for baths are not so frequent in the Bedouin's life as they should be, and the laundering of clothes is still less adequate.

But it is easy to blame the Bedouin for being dirty. Dirty he certainly is and his clothes even more so, but what is to be expected when water is so scarce that for lack of it animals frequently go thirsty, and sometimes even men? We forget that cleanliness is a luxury, and a very expensive luxury at that. Through the summer the Bedouin women wash their hair in camel's urine because water is so precious that it cannot be wasted for such a purpose. The men apparently go without washing. Clothes require no comment, for their condition is what might be imagined. By far the commonest hunting in Arabia is the hunt for wild game in the hair and clothes. It is always successful. The ablutions required before prayers are commonly performed with sand. The delight of such people upon arriving at some place where water is abundant and where bodies and clothes can be washed is a good thing to see.

The diet of these desert Arabs is ordinarily very frugal. A drink of camel's milk and a handful of dates are a day's rations for an adult, and more is not expected. There will also be an occasional drink of coffee, of which the Bedouin is inordinately fond. Even the poorest Bedouin tent will have some sort of a battered and worn coffee pot for this purpose. Bread is a rare luxury in such homes, and meat even a rarer one. A feeble old camel on the verge of dissolution will render a last service

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But if the Bedouin has a great contempt for the townsman, the townsman on his part reciprocates most cordially. He regards the unwashed and unkempt nomad of the desert as little better than a wild beast. Incidentally he fears the wild religious fanaticism of the despised tribesmen exceedingly, and not without reason. "Infidel," said one of the Bedouins to a small shopkeeper in Hasa who sat comfortably smoking his big waterpipe in the door of his shop. "Infidel, shall I break it over your head, or smash it here on the ground?" and the shopkeeper having indicated a preference for the ground, the fanatical Wahabi, to whom tobacco is the very essence of sin and uncleanness, smashed the waterpipe to pieces on the floor. A waterpipe is a quite expensive affair, being an ornamented glass jar of about a quart capacity. Those accustomed to their use insist that in no other way can tobacco be properly smoked. The time was when the inhabitants of the oasis towns were more religious than the Bedouins, but that time is past, and now the Bedouin in his religious zeal looks on them as next to infidels. "Those are the men," the city dweller will explain with great scorn, "who think they are competent to instruct us in matters of religion. They do not know the simplest prayers. Their heads are so full of lice that room could scarcely be found for more. Their clothes never get washed. Their women go about unveiled. They are nothing but wild animals."

The underlying changes that have brought about this transformation from desert conditions to those of the oasis are two. There is a divison of labor, and a certain differentiation into sections and cliques is inevitable on account of that, but a far more significant thing is the fact that agricultural land in the oasis is held as private property, whereas in the desert land is free as the air.